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SOUVENIR
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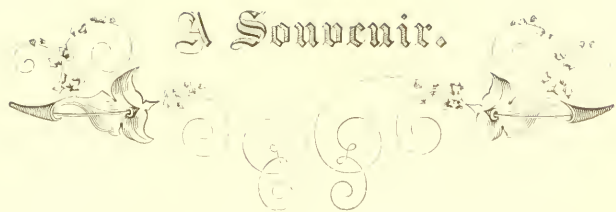
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A SLIGHT SOUVENIR

OF A VISIT TO THE

Yorktown Centennial Celebration,

IN OCTOBER, 1881,

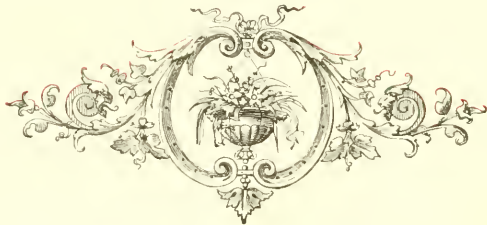
ON BOARD THE

STEAM YACHT YOSEMITE,

AT THE INVITATION OF THE OWNER,

MR. WILLIAM BELDEN.

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New York, November 1st, 1881.

My Dear Mr. Belden :

Having, in an untwary moment, assented to a suggestion of one of the Ladies of our party to Yorktown, on your Yacht Yosemite, that I should give record to some of the incidents of our recent voyage and visit, I have attempted to fulfill my promise, though in halting measure and with unaccustomed pen. I venture to send the product to you, hoping that you will accept it in token of my appreciation of your kindness, and hospitality, and that it may serve to beguile a vacant half-hour for yourself, and for our company.

Cordially yours,

LUTHER R. MARSH.

WILLIAM BELDEN, Esq.





A SOUVENIR.



OCTOBER shines in sky and on the water.
Manhattan's peerless harbor never wore
An aspect more enchanting. Off the Battery,
In the blue roadstead, rocks the Yacht Yosemite.
How gracefully she rides the swelling sea,
Casting her wavering shadow!

He whose command
Evoked this naval Form from mine and field
And forest, now, with princely courtesy,
Receives his favored guests; amongst them, Maids

And Matrons—a quaternion of beauty—
At whose fairy pressure the deck might well
A thrill of pleasure own. And though we miss
The gentle presence of the Yacht's true queen—
Whose care maternal dares not now entrust
The expectant life to the deceitful sea,—
Yet take we solace from that fair similitude
Which cheers, adorns, illumes, the gay saloon.
The faithful anchor now gives up its hold,
And all is ready. Now the waters part
Before her shapely prow, and foam on either
Side. She vindicates her right to roam the
Deep. She overtakes the flight of swiftest steamers,
And leaves them in her phosphorescent wake,
With all their wondering crews. As eve wears on,
We reach the broadening ocean, quite at sea!
The billows lift aloft their white-capped crests,
But easily she mounts and conquers them.
Within the bright saloon, luxuriously
Equipped, are mellow songs, with hospitable
Cheer, and pleasing courtesies. Soft fingers
Touch the ivory keys, while from the violin,

With masterly bow, the youthful CLARENCE
 Draws forth its weird and sweet cadences.
 We round the HOOK and glide by NEVERSINK,
 And down the JERSEY coast she speeds. LONG
 BRANCH

And ELBERON gleam on the eye. Now, lights
 Of warning shine on BARNEGAT, and from
 The jutting points of MAY and HENLOPEN.
 The Fair Ones now must needs their senses veil
 In sweet repose, and so they gently droop
 The fringes of their lovely eyes and shut
 Us out from heaven, while they fondly dream
 Of the dear ones at home. Morning beholds
 The gallant steamer plowing her certain way.
 Old NEPTUNE,—tyrant of his azure realm—
 His trident whirls, and gentle intimation
 Gives, not to partake, too generously,
 Our Host's most bounteous board. Swiftly she courses
 By the shores of ACCOMAC. At length, between
 The sandy Capes, which guard the entrance broad
 Of mighty CHESAPEAKE,—HENRY and CHARLES—
 Her course she lays along the charted current,

And, ere long,—a day from embarkation,—
 Winding 'mongst vessels dancing in the stream,
 Lets go her anchor, and her flukes strike
 Into the sacred soil of OLD DOMINION.

Now have we time for our reconnoissance.
 On yonder dusty heights we see where BRITAIN
 Relaxed her cruel grasp, laid down her arms,
 Surrendered Tarleton and her brave CORNWALLIS,
 And gave her Colony back to freedom.

A century has glided by, and now,
 That great event to celebrate, and pay
 New honors to its heroes, here there come,
 From Lakes to Gulf, from sea to sea, Soldiers,
 Civilians, Sailors, men of every class,
 Cadets and Guards, Rifles and Fusileers,
 Knights Templars, Lodges, Grand Commanderies,
 And hosts of freemen from the populous North :
 And from our allied FRANCE and GERMANY,
 Behold descendants of our LA FAYETTE,
 DE GRASSE, BOULANGER, ROCHAMBEAU, BEAUMONT,

And others famed in history ; and of
 The sturdy VON STEUBENS ; names which ever
 Will command the grateful homage of AMERICA.

And now the plain which witnessed the surrender,
 Twinkles all over with its glistening tents.
 There, SHERMAN, HANCOCK, MCDOWELL, and MC-
 COOK,
 And other veteran and noble chiefs,
 Marshal, in peace, their compact phalanxes
 Of Horse and Foot, Artillery and Marines.

York, the broad estuary, mingles his waters
 Amongst the keels of many War-Ships ;—KEARSARGE,
 Vessel historic, which sent the accursed
 Alabama's hulk to find the deep ooze
 Of the English Channel ; our good Flag-Ship,
 TRENTON ; the VANDALIA, TALLAPOOSA,
 ALLIANCE, CONSTITUTION, TENNESSEE,
 The POWHATAN, DESPATCH, THE YANTIC, and
 ALARM,
 FRANKLIN, and SARATOGA, and PORTSMOUTH ;—

Manned by as gallant Officers and crews
As ever tossed upon the foaming waves;
And the French Frigates, like some fairy birds
Floating their plumage on the enamored sea.
Whatever other craft the shipwright's skill
E'er launched upon the waters, here, surely,
Might be seen : Yachts, swaying like graceful swans,
Steamboats and Schooners, Brigs, Rams and Cutters,
Barks and Barkantines, Tugs, Sloops and Galleons,
Feluccas, Barges, Gondolas and Junks,
The famous Clippers of the Chesapeake,
Vessels of all forms, speed, magnitude,
From stately, armored, iron Men of War,
Down to the lightest Shallop and Canoe.

And when the loud huzzas and volleyed roar
Announced the coming of the President,
The Ships' sides blazed, and Gloucester Point and
Yorktown
Echoed and re-echoed to each other,
And the glad sounds rolled o'er the distant sands.
A lively village now is seen afloat :

And time flies swiftly in the interchange
 Of mutual and kind civilities.
 Back and forth, from ship to ship, ply well-oared
 Pinnaces, which carry glad and sportive
 Companies, and briskly weave the woof and
 Web of cherished friendships ; now to receive
 The warm and courtly greeting of the PRESIDENT ;
 Then to the Embassy of FRANCE, and to
 Our cousin TEUTONS ; now to the Generals
 In command ; and then to our own NAVY,
 A grateful debt of tribute to discharge,
 On their own decks and element, to those
 The Dauntless Heroes of the restless brine.

Now comes the loud salute to England's flag !
 And then, our banner waves its friendly courtesies.
 Well thought well done. 'Tis true, a hundred years
 And these two flags were fiercest enemies ;
 And oft in deadly combat met on Lake
 And Land and Ocean. 'Twas in those contests
 That names immortal rose, to shine forever
 In our records, emblems undimmed, unfading,

Of their courage, skill and patriotism.
Of them, on ship, Decatur, Truxtun, Hull,
Bainbridge, Preble, and Paul Jones, that meteor
Of the sea, Lawrence and Rogers; Champlain's
And Erie's victors, Perry and Macdonough ;
And, on the land, a host so great we may
Not pause to count.
Nor is it easy to forget, how, in
Our Civil strife, she gave her influence
To our home foes; and that the Corsair's
Crew was mustered in her ports; but yet
We knew that, all the while, the Queen was true,
And, while he lived, her Royal Consort too.
Her recent messages of condolence
For our deep woe, have drawn all hearts to her.
Nor this alone; for, in anterior time,
Were sources of mutual sympathy ;
A common origin and history ;
The very language that we speak, is hers ;
Her fame is ours; part of our heritage,
Her Historians and Philosophers ;
Nor will we yield our right ancestral

To her long poet bead-roll ; to Shakespeare,
Divinest Minstrel of the Centuries.
Then, let our heaviest cannon give acclaim
To that proud Ensign, which, like her drum-beat,
Wakes morning echoes round the solid globe.

Not long the sun had sunk below Dominion's
Hills, and darkness gathered o'er the scene,
When luminous forms of ever changing hue,
Countless in number, shooting from Ship and Shore,
Streamed on the night :—Aerial Shells, and
Flight of colored Rockets, Revolving Suns,
Chinese and Grecian Fire ; swift buzzing Wheels,
Projectiles shedding sparks, zigzag Serpents,
Whirring Cascades, Back-running Boomerangs,
Tableaux, and Dahlias, and Dancing Devils,
Saturns and Satellites, whiz, flash, explode,
And scintillate all round. From Jib and Poop,
To top of Royal Mast, the Ships were
All aflame with brilliant wonders ; while every
Spar and shroud of the good Yacht Yosemite
Was lustrous with the blazing signs of joy.

The night was vocal, and from every deck
 And from the lit-up shore, the Nation's airs
 Rose in Salutes of choicest melody :
 With those of France and Germany alternating :
 And with the deep-felt, grand, eternal chant,
 " God Save the Queen." It was a day and night
 Whose grateful memory will never die.

At the appointed, longed-for, solemn hour,
 Dropped slowly to its place the Corner Stone
 Of the Memorial Monument, laid there
 With mystic symbols of that brotherhood
 Which sweeps through ages from the Pyramids.
 That massive stone was laid 'midst cannon's boom
 That shook the hills, and woke the joyous shouts
 Of that great throng. Then spoke that master
 orator,*

Whose lips were touched with holy fire, painting
 In flowing periods the scene and history :—
 The ragged, war-worn ranks of our victorious

* Hon. Robert Charles Winthrop, of Boston.

Continental, cheered by their piercing fifes
And rolling drums; the ten full regiments
Of France, caparisoned in shining uniforms,
Glittering with stars, bedight with golden lilies,
The French fleet studding the startled river;
The scarlet-coated Britons slow marching,
With many sad reflections, to their hard surrender;
The loving league 'twixt our adopted La Fayette
And Washington; our endless debt to France;
The solemn, weighty duties of the hour;
And, of the Future, the vast responsibilities;
The essential unity of the Republic;
Its high, ennobling mission; all these wrought
Out in fervor, power, and beauty, by his
Eloquent tongue.

And many a one, no doubt,
Did often think that, while the world around,
Peoples and rulers mingled their deep sorrow
With our own, at the sad, untimely loss
Of our dear President, all must revere
That governmental scheme which, without noise

Or jar or jealousy, inaugurates another,
In whom the stricken people, everywhere,
Of whate'er section, party, creed, or name,
Their fullest trust and confidence repose.

For the third time, this slumberous hamlet
Has been roused and shaken by the armèd tread
Of marching squadrons, and the resounding voice
Of hoarse artillery. For, so it chanced,
That in itself of little worth—a sandy,
Fruitless plain—yet, to the soldier's eye,
It was a point strategic. So, in the
Second siege, Magruder thought when, circling
Himself with high entrenchments, he vainly
Hoped, with fifty thousand men, the fort
To hold against the blue-coats of McClellan.
But, like the march of Fate, the Union chief,
A hundred thousand strong, pushed on the fearful
Batteries, closer and closer, till, ere
The cannon oped their mouths, without assault,
The invested army silently fled,
And left the well-protected camp to the

Besiegers. And if the soil is sacred,
 As oft was claimed, the consecration came
 From the victorious tread of Washington,
 And of his band of tried and faithful heroes,
 And of the soldiers of the Civil War.
 Earnestly we hope that in the volume
 Of the Future, as yet unopened, none
 Will ever read again of hostile forces
 Arrayed, either at Yorktown, or on
 Bunker Hill, or any other spot that lies
 Under the Stripes and Stars.

The celebration o'er,
 The town is left to its original
 And dull seclusion ; ne'er, for a hundred
 Years, perhaps, again to be the cynosure
 Of many eyes. Homeward the festive parties
 Take their way. At NORFOLK glancing, we pause
 At Fort Monroe, known as the largest fortress
 Of the world's defenses, and which grimly
 Stands protector of OLD POINT COMFORT ; where,
 In the past proud days, there came the landed

Lords, to spend the solstice in luxurious
Ease, and quaff the tonic and kelp-perfumed air.
In Hampton Roads the waters all were still,
And gave no sign of that decisive day,
When that new creature of the sea, the Monitor,
Arrived so opportunely, that all must see
'Twas led directly by the hand of Providence,
Upon the very crisis of our fate—
Her scarce-seen back, and unpretentious tower,
Awakening only the smallest hope
From friends, and but the careless jeers from foes—
And spouting like some giant whale, stretching for
Leagues upon the furrowed sea, quickly avenged
The loss of Congress and the Cumberland,
And hurled her conquering globes against and
through
The thickly-plated sides of that Goliath
Of the deep, the yielding Merrimac.

As when the small-hoofed coursers, left behind,
Gladly again their master's manage own,
Tremble all through with vigor in excess,

And, with necks clothed with thunder, speed o'er the
ground,
So, now, the swift Yosemite puts on her strength
To meet and cleave the ocean breakers. Oft
'Tis a rugged and tempestuous road :
And when a storm brews in the east, or when
Boreas fierce or wild Euroclydon
Its unbarred cave escapes, then may be seen,
Like swarming wild-fowl, darkening the air
In flight from the surly north, hastening flocks
Of coasters, spreading their white wings to catch
All gales for the Delaware, to nestle
In the lee of the great Breakwater.
Within easy memory, the strong-built
Rockaway, balancing on the axes
Of the waves, broke her oak and kelsoned
Back, to drift a hopeless and unguided wreck.
But bravely does our noble yacht dash through
The opposing waves ; and lo ! upon our sight
Delighted, dawn the towers and temples
Of our beloved New York. Hail ! glorious city,
Holding so much we love !—with past so rich,

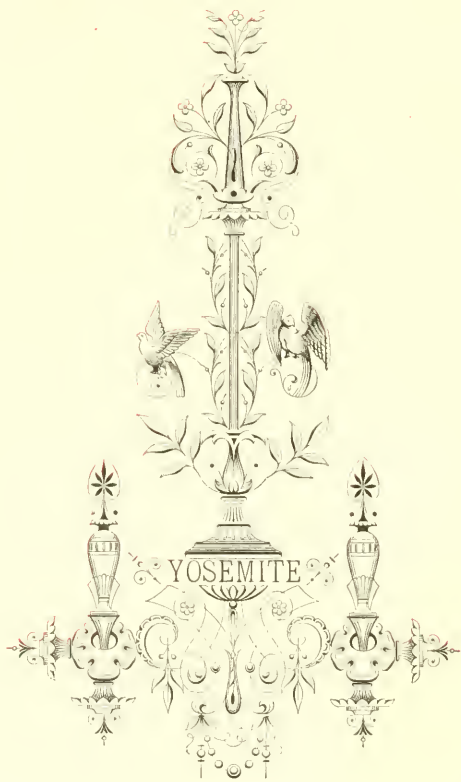
And future well assured!—Welcome thy sons
 And daughters to thy breast!

Then to their various
 Homes the guests repair, and gladly once again
 The avocations ply of customary
 Life. It was an episode to brighten
 Forever in the memory. Oft as
 The scene recurs, there floats before the enraptured
 Gaze, to cheer our daily prose, the picture
 Of two most lovely girls, beaming with radiant
 Hopes, in sailor vestments clad, throughout the voyage
 The life and joy of our bright pilgrimage.
 May skies propitious shower their choicest gifts,
 And all their paths with fragrant flowers be strewn!

This Centennial! Rich sign of promise,
 When the North, and South beyond the well-known
 line—
 So long a parallel of severance—
 And under the starry flag, now waving
 O'er every acre of Columbia's domain,

And here as gladly kissed by halcyon
Southern breezes as by cold northern blasts—
Meet in unison to recall the time and
Victories, when in one good cause they fought,
And with one hope and for one destiny.
Well may it tend to cicatrize the wounds
Of recent conflict, knit our lives together.
And bridge the wide chasm of dissension.

The *next* Centennial! Ah! may we, together,
Look down upon it from some blissful seats—
Life's errors o'er and all our sins forgiven—
And, in the other life, dissevered not
In our companionship, with memory clear,
Behold the country happy, prosperous, free,
Bound with love-cords, "one and inseparable;"
Whiles we rehearse, with pleasure unalloyed,
The recollections of these charming hours.



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